The WEEKLY REGISTER.

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THE following Poem was sent by the Author in *Maryland* to his Friend at *London*.——I think 'tis as beautiful as the Country it deſcribes, and as much an Original too.——I flatter myſelf the Publick has never been better entertain'd, ſeldom as well.——It affords a Picture perfectly new to the *Engliſh* Reader, and argues ſo fine a Taſte in the Author, as will reflect an Honour on the Country, that only could afford him a Subject ſuitable to ſuch a Genius.

A Journey from Patapsko *to* Annapolis, April 4, 1730.

Me vero primùm dulces ante omnia Muſæ,
Quarum ſacra fero ingenti perculſus amore,
Accipiant; Cœlique vias & Sydera *monſtrent*; ——
Sin has ne poſſim Naturæ accedere partes
Frigidus obſtiterit circum præcordia Sanguis,
Rura *mihi*, & rigui *placeant in Vallibus* Amnes,
Flumina *amem*, Sylvaſque *inglorius*.

VIRG. *Geor.* 2.

AT length the *wintry* Horrors diſappear,
And *April* views with Smiles the infant Year;
The grateful Earth from froſty Chains unbound,
Pours out its *vernal* Treaſures all around,
Her Face bedeckt with Graſs, with Buds the Trees are crown'd.
In this ſoft Seaſon, ere the Dawn of Day,
I mount my Horſe, and lonely take my Way,
From woody Hills that ſhade *Patapsko*'s Head,
(In whoſe deep Vales he makes his ſtony Bed,
From whence he ruſhes with reſiſtleſs Force,
Tho' huge rough Rocks retard his rapid Courſe,)
Down to *Annapolis*, on that ſmooth Stream
Which took from fair *Anne-Arundel* its Name.
And now the * *Star* that uſhers in the Day,
* Begins to pale her ineffectual Ray.
The *Moon*, with blunted Horns, now ſhines leſs bright,
Her fading Face eclips'd with growing Light;
The fleecy Clouds with ſtreaky Luſtre glow,
And Day quits Heav'n to view the Earth below.
Oe'r yon tall *Pines* the *Sun* ſhews half his Face,
And fires their floating Foliage with his Rays;
Now ſheds aſſant on Earth his lightſome Beams,
That trembling ſhine in many-colour'd Streams:
Slow-riſing from the Marſh, the Miſt recedes,
The Trees, emerging, rear their dewy Heads;
Their dewy Heads the *Sun* with Pleaſure views,
And brightens into Pearls the pendent Dews.
The *Beaſts* upriſing, quit their leafy Beds,
And to the cheerful *Sun* erect their Heads;
All joyful riſe, except the filthy *Swine*,
On obſcene Litter ſtretch'd they ſnore ſupine:
In vain the Day awakes, Sleep ſeals their Eyes,
Till Hunger breaks the Bond and bids them riſe.
Mean while the *Sun* with more exalted Ray,
From cloudleſs Skies diſtributes riper Day;
Thro' ſylvan Scenes my Journey I purſue,
Ten thouſand Beauties riſing to my View;
Which kindle in my Breaſt poetic Flame,
And bid me my CREATOR's Praiſe proclaim;
Tho' my low Verſe ill-ſuits the noble Theme.
Here various Flourets grace the teeming Plains,
Adorn'd by Nature's Hand with beauteous Stains;
Firſt-born of *Spring*, here the *Paeone* appears,
Whoſe golden Root a ſilver Bloſſom rears.
In ſpreading Tufts, ſee there the *Crowfoot* blue,
On whoſe green Leaves ſtill ſhines a globous Dew;
Behold the *Cinque-foil*, with its dazling Dye
Of flaming Yellow, wounds the tender Eye:
But there, enclos'd the graſſy *Wheat* is ſeen,
To heal the aching Sight with cheerful Green.
Safe in yon Cottage dwells the *Monarch-Swain*,
His *Subject-Flocks*, cloſe-grazing, hide the Plain;
For him they live;——and die t'uphold his Reign.
Viands unbought his well-till'd Lands afford,
And ſmiling *Plenty* waits upon his Board;
Health ſhines with ſprightly Beams around his Head,
And *Sleep*, with downy Wings, o'er-ſhades his Bed;
His *Sons* robuſt his daily Labours ſhare,
Patient of Toil, Companions of his Care:
And all their Toils with ſweet Succeſs are crown'd.
In graceful Ranks there *Trees* adorn the Ground,
The *Peach*, the *Plum*, the *Apple*, here are found;

* *Venus.*

Delicious Fruits!——Which from their Kernels riſe,
So fruitful is the Soil—ſo mild the Skies.
The lowly *Quince* yon ſloping Hill o'er-ſhades.
Here lofty *Cherry-Trees* erect their Heads;
High in the Air each ſpiry Summit waves,
Whoſe Blooms thick-ſpringing yield no Space for Leaves;
Evolving Odours fill the ambient Air,
The *Birds* delighted to the Grove repair:
On ev'ry Tree behold a tuneful Throng,
The vocal Vallies echo to their Song.
But what is *He*, * who perch'd above the reſt,
Pours out ſuch various Muſick from his Breaſt!
His Breaſt, whoſe Plumes a cheerful White diſplay,
His quiv'ring Wings are dreſs'd in ſober Grey.
Sure, all the *Muſes*, this their Bird inſpire!
And *He*, alone, is equal to the Choir
Of warbling Songſters who around him play,
While, Echo like, *He* anſwers ev'ry Lay.
The chirping *Lark* now ſings with ſprightly Note,
Reſponſive to her Strain *He* ſhapes his Throat:
Now the poor widow'd *Turtle* wails her Mate,
While in ſoft Sounds *He* cooes to mourn his Fate.
Oh, ſweet Muſician, thou doſt far excel
The ſoothing Song of pleaſing *Philomel!*
Sweet is her Song, but in few Notes confin'd;
But thine, thou *Mimic* of the feath'ry Kind,
Runs thro' all Notes!——*Thou* only know'ſt them *All*,
At once the *Copy*,——and th' *Original*.
My *Ear* thus charm'd, mine *Eye* with Pleaſure ſees,
Hov'ring about the Flow'rs, th' induſtrious *Bees*.
Like them in Size, the *Humming-Bird* I view,
Like them, *He* ſucks his Food, the Honey-Dew,
With nimble Tongue, and Beak of jetty Hue.
He takes with rapid Whirl his noiſy Flight,
His gemmy Plumage ſtrikes the Gazer's Sight;
And as he moves his ever-flutt'ring Wings,
Ten thouſand Colours he around him flings.
Now I behold the Em'rald's vivid Green,
Now ſcarlet, now a purple Die is ſeen:
In brighteſt Blue, his Breaſt *He* now arrays,
Then ſtrait his Plumes emit a golden Blaze.
Thus whirring round he flies, and varying ſtill,
He mocks the *Poet*'s and the *Painter*'s Skill;
Who may for ever ſtrive with fruitleſs Pains,
To catch and fix thoſe beauteous changeful Stains;
While Scarlet now, and now the Purple ſhines,
And Gold, to Blue its tranſient Gloſs reſigns.
Each quits, and quickly each reſumes its Place,
And ever-varying Dies each other chaſe.
Smalleſt of Birds, what Beauties ſhine in thee!
A living *Rainbow* on thy Breaſt I ſee.
Oh had that † *Bard* in whoſe heart-pleaſing Lines,
The *Phœnix* in a Blaze of Glory ſhines,
Beheld thoſe Wonders which are ſhewn in Thee,
That Bird had loſt his Immortality!
Thou in His Verſe hadſt ſtretch'd thy flutt'ring Wing
Above all other Birds,—their beauteous King.
But now th' enclos'd Plantation I forſake,
And onwards thro' the Woods my Journey take;
The level Road, the longſome Way beguiles,
A blooming Wilderneſs around me ſmiles;
Here hardy *Oak*, there fragrant *Hick'ry* grows,
Their burſting Buds the tender Leaves diſcloſe,
The tender Leaves in downy Robes appear,
Trembling, they ſeem to move with cautious Fear,
Yet new to Life, and Strangers to the Air.
Here ſtately *Pines* unite their whiſp'ring Heads,
And with a ſolemn Gloom embrown the Glades.
See there a green *Savâna* opens wide,
Thro' which ſmooth Streams in wanton Mazes glide;
Thick-branching Shrubs o'er-hang the ſilver Streams,
Which ſcarcely deign t' admit the ſolar Beams.
While with Delight on this ſoft Scene I gaze,
The *Cattle* upward look, and ceaſe to graze,
But into covert run thro' various Ways.
And now the Clouds in black Aſſemblage riſe,
And dreary Darkneſs overſpreads the Skies,
Thro' which the Sun ſtrives to tranſmit his Beams,
" But ſheds his ſickly Light in ſtraggling Streams.
Huſh'd is the Muſick of the wood-land Choir,
Fore-knowing of the Storm, the Birds retire
For Shelter, and forſake the ſhrubby Plains,
And a dumb Horror thro' the Foreſt reigns;
In that lone Houſe which opens wide its Door,
Safe may I tarry till the Storm is o'er.
Hark how the *Thunder* rolls with ſolemn Sound!
And ſee the forceful *Lightning* dart a Wound,

* *The Mock-Bird.* † *Claudian.*

On yon tall Oak!——Behold its Top laid bare!
Its Body rent, and ſcatter'd thro' the Air
The Splinters fly!——Now—now the *Winds* ariſe,
From different Quarters of the lowring Skies;
Forth-iſſuing fierce, the *Weſt* and *South* engage,
The waving Foreſt bends beneath their Rage:
But where the winding Valley checks their Courſe,
They roar and ravage with redoubled Force;
With circling Sweep in dreadful Whirlwinds move
And from its Roots tear up the gloomy Grove,
Down-ruſhing fall the Trees, and beat the Ground,
In Fragments flie the ſhatter'd Limbs around;
Tremble the Under-Woods, the Vales reſound.
Follows, with patt'ring Noiſe, the icy *Hail*,
And *Rain*, faſt falling, floods the lowly Vale.
Again the *Thunders* roll, the *Lightnings* fly,
And as they firſt diſturb'd, now clear the Sky;
For lo, the *Guſt* decreaſes by Degrees,
The dying *Winds* but ſob amidſt the Trees;
With pleaſing Softneſs falls the ſilver Rain,
Thro' which at firſt faint-gleaming o'er the Plain,
The Orb of Light ſcarce darts a watry Ray
To gild the Drops that fall from ev'ry Spray;
But ſoon the dusky Vapours are diſpell'd,
And thro' the Miſt that late his Face conceal'd,
Burſt the broad *Sun*, triumphant in a Blaze
Too keen for Sight—Yon Cloud refracts his Rays,
The mingling Beams compoſe th' *ethereal Bow*,
How ſweet, how ſoft, its melting Colours glow!
Gaily they ſhine, by heav'nly Pencils laid,
Yet vaniſh ſwift,——How ſoon does *Beauty* fade!
The *Storm* is paſt, my Journey I renew,
And a new Scene of Pleaſure greets my View:
Waſh'd by the copious Rain the gummy *Pine*,
Does cheerful, with unſully'd Verdure ſhine;
The *Dogwood* Flow'rs aſſume a ſnowy white,
The *Maple* bluſhing gratifies the Sight:
No verdant Leaves the lovely *Red-Bud* grace,
Carnation Bloſſoms now ſupply their Place.
The *Saſſafras* unfolds its fragrant Bloom,
The *Vine* affords an exquiſite Perfume;
Theſe grateful Scents wide-wafting thro' the Air
The ſmelling Senſe with balmy Odours cheer.
And now the *Birds*, ſweet ſinging, ſtretch their Throats,
And in one Choir unite their various Notes,
Nor yet unpleaſing is the *Turtle*'s Voice,
Tho' he complains while other Birds rejoice.
Theſe vernal Joys, all reſtleſs Thoughts controul,
And gently-ſoothing calm the troubled Soul.
While ſuch Delights my Senſes entertain,
I ſcarce perceive that I have left the *Plain*;
'Till now the Summit of a *Mount* I gain:
Low at whoſe ſandy Baſe the *River* glides,
Slow-rolling near their Height his languid Tides;
Shade above Shade, the Trees in riſing Ranks,
Cloath with eternal Green his ſteepy Banks:
The Flood, well pleas'd, reflects their verdant Gleam
From the ſmooth Mirror of his limpid Stream.
But ſee the *Hawk*, who with acute Survey,
Towring in Air predeſtinates his Prey
Amid the Floods!——Down dropping from on high,
He ſtrikes the *Fiſh*, and bears him thro' the Sky.
The Stream diſturb'd, no longer ſhews the Scene
That lately ſtain'd its ſilver Waves with green;
In ſpreading Circles roll the troubled Floods,
And to the Shores bear off the pictur'd Woods.
Now looking round I view the out-ſtretch'd *Land*,
O'er which the Sight exerts a wide Command;
The fertile Vallies, and the naked Hills,
The Cattle feeding near the chryſtal Rills;
The Lawns wide-op'ning to the ſunny Ray,
And mazy Thickets that exclude the Day.
A-while the Eye is pleas'd theſe Scenes to trace,
Then hurrying o'er the intermediate Space,
Far-diſtant Mountains dreſt in Blue appear,
And all their Woods are loſt in empty Air.
The *Sun* near ſetting now arrays his Head
In milder Beams and lengthens ev'ry Shade.
The riſing Clouds uſurping on the Day
A bright Variety of Dies diſplay;
About the wide Horizon ſwift they fly,
" And chaſe a Change of Colours round the Sky:
And now I view but half the *flaming Sphere*,
Now one faint Glimmer ſhoots along the Air,
And all his golden Glories diſappear.
Onwards the *Ev'ning* moves in Habit grey,
And for her Siſter *Night* prepares the Way.

The plumy People ſeek their ſecret Neſts,
To Reſt repair the ruminating Beaſts.
Now deep'ning Shades confeſs th' Approach of Night,
Imperfect Images elude the Sight:
From earthly Objects I remove mine Eye,
And view with Look erect the vaulted Sky;
Where dimly-ſhining now the Stars appear,
At firſt thin-ſcatt'ring thro' the miſty Air;
Till Night confirm'd, her jetty Throne aſcends,
On her the *Moon* in clouded State attends,
But ſoon unveil'd her lovely Face is ſeen,
And *Stars* unnumber'd wait around their Queen;
Rang'd by their MAKER's Hand in juſt Array,
They march majeſtic thro' th' ethereal Way.
Are theſe bright Luminaries hung on high
Only to pleaſe with twinkling Rays our Eye?
Or may we rather count each *Star* a *Sun*,
Round which *full peopled Worlds* their Courſes run?
Orb above Orb harmoniouſly they ſteer
Their various Voyages thro' Seas of Air.
Snatch me ſome *Angel* to thoſe high Abodes,
The Seats perhaps of *Saints* and *Demigods!*
Where ſuch as bravely ſcorn'd the galling Yoke
Of *vulgar Error*, and her Fetters broke;
Where *Patriots* who to fix the publick Good,
In Fields of Battle ſacrific'd their Blood;
Where *pious Prieſts* who Charity proclaim'd,
And *Poets* whom a *virtuous Muſe* enflam'd;
Philoſophers who ſtrove to mend our Hearts,
And ſuch as poliſh'd Life with *uſeful Arts*,
Obtain a Place; when by the Hand of Death
Touch'd, they retire from this poor Speck of Earth;
Their *Spirits* freed from bodily Alloy
Perceive a Fore-taſte of that endleſs Joy,
Which from Eternity hath been prepar'd,
To crown their Labours with a vaſt Reward.
While to theſe Orbs my wand'ring Thoughts aſpire,
A falling *Meteor* ſhoots his lambent Fire;
Thrown from the heav'nly Space he ſeeks the Earth,
From whence he firſt deriv'd his humble Birth.
The *Mind* adviſ'd by this inſtructive Sight,
Deſcending ſudden from th' aerial Height,
Obliges me to view a different Scene,
Of more Importance to myſelf, tho' mean.
Theſe diſtant Objects I no more purſue,
But turning inward my reflective View,
My working Fancy helps me to ſurvey,
In the juſt Picture of this *April Day*,
My Life o'erpaſt, —— a Courſe of thirty *Years*
Bleſt with few Joys, perplex'd with num'rous Cares.
In the dim Twilight of our *Infancy*,
Scarce can the Eye ſurrounding Objects ſee;
Then thoughtleſs *Childhood* leads us pleas'd and gay,
In Life's fair Morning thro' a flow'ry Way:
The *Youth* in Schools inquiſitive of Good,
Science purſues thro' *Learning*'s mazy Wood;
Whoſe lofty Trees, he, to his Grief perceives,
Are often bare of *Fruit*, and only fill'd with *Leaves*:
Thro' lonely Wilds his tedious Journey lies,
At laſt a brighter Proſpect cheers his Eyes;
Now the gay Fields of *Poetry* he views,
And joyous liſtens to the *tuneful Muſe*;
Now *Hiſtory* affords him vaſt Delight,
And opens lovely Landſcapes to his Sight:
But ah too ſoon this Scene of Pleaſure flies!
And o'er his Head tempeſtous Troubles riſe.
He hears the Thunders roll, he feels the Rains,
Before a friendly Shelter he obtains;
And thence beholds with Grief the furious Storm
The *noon-tide* Beauties of his *Life* deform:
He views the *painted Bow* in diſtant Skies;
Hence, in his Heart ſome Gleams of Comfort riſe;
He hopes the *Guſt* has almoſt ſpent its Force,
And that he ſafely may purſue his Courſe.
Thus far *my Life* does with the *Day* agree,
Oh may its coming Stage from Storms be free!
While paſſing thro' the World's moſt private Way,
With Pleaſure I my MAKER's Works ſurvey;
Within my Heart let *Peace* a Dwelling find,
Let my *Goodwill* extend to *all Mankind:*
Freed from *Neceſſity*, and bleſt with *Health*;
Give me *Content*, let others toil for *Wealth:*
In *buſy* Scenes of Life let me exert
A *careful Hand*, and wear an *honeſt Heart*;
And ſuffer me my *leiſure* Hours to ſpend,
With choſen *Books*, or a well-natur'd *Friend.*
Thus journeying on, as I advance in Age
May I look back with Pleaſure on my Stage;
And as the ſetting *Sun* withdrew his Light
To riſe on other Worlds ſerene and bright,
Cheerful may I reſign my vital Breath,
Nor anxious tremble at th' Approach of *Death*;
Which ſhall (I hope) but ſtrip me of *my Clay*,
And to a better World my Soul convey.

Thus muſing, I my ſilent Moments ſpend.
Till to the *River*'s Margin I deſcend,
From whence I may diſcern my *Journey*'s End:
Annapolis adorns its further Shore,
To which the *Boat* attends to bear me o'er.
And now the moving *Boat* the Flood divides,
While the *Stars* "tremble on the floating Tides;"
Pleas'd with the Sight, again I raiſe mine Eye
To the bright Glories of the azure Sky;
And while theſe Works of God's creative Hand,
The *Moon* and *Stars*, that move at his Command,
Obedient thro' their circling Courſe on high,
Employ my Sight,——ſtruck with amaze I cry,
ALMIGHTY LORD! Whom Heav'n and Earth proclaim,
The *Author* of their univerſal Frame,
Wilt thou vouchſafe to view the *Son of Man*,
Thy Creature, who but *Yeſterday* began,
Thro' animated Clay to draw his Breath,
To-morrow doom'd a Prey to ruthleſs Death!
TREMENDOUS GOD! May I not juſtly fear,
That I, unworthy Object of thy Care,
Into this World from thy bright Preſence toſt,
Am in th' Immenſity of *Nature* loſt!
And that my Notions of the *World above*,
Are but Creations of my own *Self-Love*;
To feed my coward Heart, afraid to die,
With *fancied* Feaſts of *Immortality!*
Theſe Thoughts, which thy amazing Works ſuggeſt,
Oh glorious FATHER, rack my troubled Breaſt.
Yet, GRACIOUS GOD, reflecting that my Frame
From *Thee* deriv'd in animating Flame,
And that what e'er I am, however mean,
By thy Command I enter'd on this Scene
Of Life,——thy wretched *Creature of a Day*,
Condemn'd to travel thro' a tireſome Way;
Upon whoſe Banks (perhaps to cheer my Toil)
I ſee thin Verdures riſe, and *Daiſies* ſmile:
Poor Comforts theſe, my Pains t' alleviate!
While on my Head tempeſtuous Troubles beat.
And muſt I, when I quit this earthly Scene,
Sink total into *Death*, and never riſe again?
No ſure,——Theſe *Thoughts* which in my Boſom roll
Muſt iſſue from a *never-dying Soul*;
Theſe active *Thoughts* that penetrate the Sky,
Excurſive into dark Futurity;
Which hope eternal Happineſs to gain,
Could never be beſtow'd on *Man* in vain.
To *Thee*, OH FATHER, fill'd with fervent Zeal,
And ſunk in humble Silence I appeal;
Take me, my great CREATOR to *Thy Care*,
And gracious liſten to my ardent Prayer!
SUPREME OF BEINGS, omnipreſent Power!
My great Preſerver from my natal Hour,
Fountain of Wiſdom, boundleſs Deity,
OMNISCIENT GOD, my Wants are known to *Thee*,
With Mercy look on mine Infirmity!
Whatever State thou ſhalt for me ordain,
Whether my Lot in Life be *Joy* or *Pain*;
Patient let me ſuſtain thy wiſe Decree,
And learn to *know myſelf*, and *honour Thee*.

An Anſwer to the infamous Libel on the Memory of the late King William, *printed in* Fog's *Journal of* Saturday *laſt.*

I Am one of thoſe who can never believe that the Author of the *Libel* before me has any Honour, or Eſteem for the Memory of the late King *William*; tho' he falſly inſinuates to the contrary, that the Wound he endeavours to give his Reputation may be the deeper, and more incurable: 'Tis contrary to the very Genius of *Fog*'s Paper to ſuffer any ſuch Writer to appear in it; we well know it has always been a flagrant Enemy to the *Revolution*, and the Principles it was founded on; and, tho' he has adopted *Republican Maxims*, *jeſuitically* to league more ſtrongly with the *Craftſman* for the preſent, we are aſſur'd he hates them notwithſtanding as ſincerely, as he does the preſent happy Eſtabliſhment, or his *Brother Libeller* whom he now ſo credibly ſeconds and defends.

Neither do I believe the late Attempt to erect an *Equeſtrian Statue* to the Memory of that Hero an extraordinary Proceeding, unleſs 'tis extraordinary, in ſuch Times of Oppoſition to the Crown, to ſee Men grateful for Favours receiv'd from it: Inſult was only ſeen in the Refuſal; Reproach was but juſt for an Action that ſo notoriouſly deſerv'd it.

I am as little inclin'd to agree with this Writer that the *Statuaries* about *Hyde-Park Corner*, ſet up this Scheme to take ſome of their *dull Commodities* off their Hands: The Joak is too dull to deſerve an Anſwer. However, it may be remembred that the City of *London* long ago help'd to increaſe this *dull* Commodity; by firſt beſpeaking a Statue of King *William*, and then turning it on the Workman's Hand, becauſe the Monarch dy'd before it was finiſh'd. That very Statue is now the noble Gift of a *private Gentleman* to the *Dock-Yard* of *Portſmouth*, and a ſtanding Memorial of the Gratitude and Generoſity of ſuch another venerable Common-Council as the *laſt*.

I am ready to grant that Hiſtory is the beſt Monument to a Hero's Glory, but 'tis none of the People's Gratitude.

This is the Buſineſs of Statues at the Expence of the Publick, and that in Debate is refus'd becauſe we have none to commemorate.—But, in Spite of the malicious Sarcaſm at the End of the next Paragraph, *Printers* will ever be employ'd in Works to his Honour.——His Life is the moſt noble Materials for the nobleſt *Hiſtory*, and his own Actions will perpetuate his Fame.

'Tis not enough it ſeems for theſe Men to blacken the Renown of that Virtue they hate: All who eſpouſe it muſt be condemn'd too, and Mr. *Walſingham* is ſneer'd at becauſe he has acted the Part of a good Writer, and an honeſt Man: Tis well there are ſome who retain their Fidelity, to make an Atonement for the reſt, and I ſhall be proud of having my Name added even as the laſt of that Number.——This *Writer* abſurdly ſuppoſes that, while we daily experience the Benefits that reſulted from the Revolution, we have no Need of a Statue to continue the Remembrance of King *William*.——This I deny; we feel and enjoy the Benefits 'tis true, but 'tis plain we forget the Author; for which Reaſon nothing can be more ſeaſonable than a Statue to remind us from Time to Time of our Benefactor, and ſave the People of the next Age, from the Infamy of this.

But, ſays our ingenious Author, *if 'tis neceſſary to pay a Compliment to the particular Memory of every good Prince, is not King* WILLIAM's *Statue already* plac'd in the *Royal-Exchange?* Yes; and are not both the *James*'s and *Charles*'s his Predeceſſors there on the *ſame Form and State* to? Moſt certainly, tho' the whole Group had no other Merit than *merely being Kings* to entitle them to that Honour.——Nay had *all* behav'd in ſuch a Manner to the People, as to deſerve to have their Statues thrown down, with infinitely more Juſtice than they were rais'd: Yet theſe very Men have Statues all over the Town to their Honour forſooth; while a real Hero, a true Friend to Liberty, and Mankind muſt be contented with a gothique Lump of Deformity; the common wretched Compliment that is paid to every Prince on his Acceſſion, with the bare Ceremony of an Addreſs, and with as little Sincerity into the Bargain.——But this facetious Gentleman, with his uſual Wit, farther enquires, *if a Hero cannot preſerve his Reputation on foot; or whether the Gratitude of a People can only be expreſs'd by* EQUESTRIAN STATUES? Why Time has been, when the City of *London* thought ſo, or elſe they had never erected one of that Sort, at *Stock's-Market* to *Charles* II. which was made for the King of *Poland*, and turn'd a Turtle underneath his Horſe's Feet into an *Oliver Cromwell*, to exalt their own Loyalty, and flatter their Prince with a Triumph that was never in his Power, nor in all Probability, never would, had *Oliver* and he liv'd till this Time.——But *Charles* was a *Stuart*, and if the Figure of the Arch-Angel *Michael* had been call'd by his Name, and the Devil by *Oliver*'s, I preſume this *Writer* would have thought the Compliment juſt.

But, *if great and good Kings*, ſays he again, *muſt be ſet on Horſe-back, what have the other Heroes in the* BRITISH ANNALS *done that their Memories mayn't be honour'd as well as King* WILLIAM's? Nothing at all.——I ſee no Reaſon why they were not entitled to Statues too, when it was as ſeaſonable to do them that Honour, and, if it had been propos'd at the Concluſion of their different Reigns, I believe our Fore-fathers would have been honeſt, and polite enough to comply with it.

Queen Anne, the laſt Perſon upon *his Liſt*, has the Compliment of a Statue in the moſt magnificent Manner, and, tho' it is not *Equeſtrian*, according to his whimſical Propoſal for *Queen Elizabeth*, it is to the full as grand and expenſive.

Here we muſt leave the Statue to talk of the Hero himſelf, our *Author* has only made one a Blind to effect the other, and it ſhall go hard if we don't do both the Hero, and the Author Juſtice: In the firſt Place we are told that King *William* was, as it were, *unknown* in *England*, till the Crown was plac'd on his Head, tho' this very *Libeller*, in almoſt the next Paragraph, aſſerts that he was invited over hither by all Ranks and Degrees of Men in the Kingdom, the very Fleet and Army not excepted: 'Tis very ſtrange the whole Nation ſhould apply in ſo important a Circumſtance to a Stranger; nay how could they apply to a Man they had never heard of.——This is a very odd Paradox, and what nothing but a *Jacobite Creed* can poſſibly ſolve.——But is it a Compliment to the *Britiſh Nation* that they were not acquainted with the Character of the *Prince of Orange*; who, before he was of Age to be eſteem'd a Man, was acknowledg'd a Hero in the Field, and became the Bulwark of his Country, and the Proteſtant Cauſe, while his Uncle, King *Charles*, was only known even in his own Court by his Vices: Yes even he, this little obſcure *Prince* of *Orange*, was judg'd by the Voice of his Enemies the only Perſon that could be the Saviour of his Country, and a Rival to the *Grand Monarque* himſelf.——'Tis well known in what Diſtreſſes the *States* and People of *Holland*

were involv'd, when they chose him to be their *Stadt-Holder*; that the Sea overflow'd one Third of their Dominions, that the Conqueror had swallow'd up another, and that *Amsterdam* itself the Center of half the Riches in *Europe* was on the Point of being lost.——Yet in the Midst of all these Calamities did this Youth, this Stripling in Arms and Politiques, take upon himself the Direction of both, and acquir'd a Reputation immediately that astonish'd the World.——And yet the *Britons* were ignorant of all this, or that there was so great a Hero allied to the Blood of their Kings.——'Tis true his Relations on this Side the Water had never exerted a Spirit any Thing like it, and, by deserting him in the Midst of his Dangers, seem'd to disapprove such an Innovation in the Family.——King *Charles*, whose Statues are so numerous, deserted him, and he accomplish'd almost alone in a very few Years what was deem'd impossible for an Age.

He set a Bound to the Conquests of *Lewis* the *Great*, and grav'd the *Ne plus ultra* with his Sword.——In the Midst of this Scene of Business he made a Tour to *Britain*, and by his own Importance united himself yet closer to the Royal Family, by a Marriage with the Princess *Mary*.——Even the luxurious, the indolent King *Charles* could not deny his Brother's eldest Daughter to a Prince that so nobly deserv'd her, and *yet he was unknown to the* BRITISH *Nation*. Neither, says this Author in another Paragraph, was *he any Thing of a Politician*; and yet an Affair of this great Moment was manag'd by him with so much Secrecy and Address, even in a whole Court of Spies, that the *Duke* of *York* himself was ignorant of his Suit, till the whole was agreed on, and, 'twas not in his Power to prevent it.——I own I am enrag'd at this infamous Libel on the Memory of so great a Man: But, as I think 'tis but Justice to be so, I'll consider this Affair farther in another Paper, and expose the Falshood and Malice that so notoriously deserve to be expos'd by every honest and impartial Man.

SATURDAY, *December* 25.

YESTERDAY a private Centinel of the first Regiment of Foot Guards dropt down dead, as he was on Duty in St. *James's-Park*.

Dublin, Dec. 14. The Subscription for erecting the Statue of King *William* III. at the *Boyn*, goes forward with Success.

Preferments. His Majesty has been pleased to appoint the Right Hon. Earl of *Selkirk* to be Lord Privy Seal for *North Britain*.

Deaths. Yesterday died Mrs. *Frances Heathcote*, a Maiden, Daughter of Sir *Gilbert Heathcote*.——Last Week died *Herbert Laurence*, of *Alford* near *Chester*, Esq;——Yesterday died Mrs. *Price*, in *Cook's-Court* in *Carey-street*, *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

Shipping. Lynn Regis, Dec. 22. Since the 15th Inst. we have had hard blowing Weather, in which the *Mary* of this Place, *John Edwards* Master, loaded with Corn for *London* was lost. She drove upon *Blackney Sands*, and had upwards of six Foot of Water in her Hold, before the Master and Men quitted her and took to their Boat, when she instantly sunk. They saved not any Thing but what they had on their Backs, and were several Hours beating on a mountainous Sea, where Providence directed them a Sloop, which took them in, and put them on Shore at *Burlington*. The *William* and *Mary* of this Place, *William Ashley* Master, who sailed hence the 11th Inst. with Corn for *Rotterdam*, was driven by hard Winds two Days after on Shore on the *Goree* near *Rotterdam*. The Master and Mate going on Shore, were by a violent Sea both washed over-board and drowned. The *Seaflower*, Capt. *Burge*, which arrived here the 21st was forced back, when nigh this Place, to *Yarmouth* Roads, and on Sunday last in her Passage thence hither, she lost her Fore-Masts and Bowsprit in *Brancaster* Bay near *Wells*. The *Providence*, *William Clark*, from *Stockholm*, has been two Months at Sea, and had it not been for a Sloop she met at Sea, they must have perished, the said Ship having sprung a Leak. The Master and Men were almost spent with pumping.

MONDAY, *December* 27.

On Thursday last his Majesty in Council was pleased to appoint the following Sheriffs, *viz.*

Cumberland,	Edward Stanley of Ponsonby, Esq;
Devon,	Sir Thomas Carew, Bart.
Derby,	John Fletcher, Esq;
Essex,	Samuel Feake, Esq;
Gloucester,	Robert Marten of Pebworth, Esq;
Hertford,	Thomas Wooton, Esq;
Lincoln,	Thomas Dallison, Esq;
Oxon,	Henry Smith of Caversham, Esq;
Somerset,	John Prockter of Riston, Esq;
Worcester,	John Soley of Sambourne, Esq;
	South Wales.
Brecon,	Penry Williams, Esq;
Carmarthen,	Morgan Lloyd of Lanfevin, Esq;
Pembroke,	John Allen of Jeffreston, Esq;
	North Wales.
Montgomery,	Richard Jones of Trelludan, Esq;

On Friday last an Officer of the Excise fell into Fits as he was drinking at the *Cross-Keys Tavern* in *Holbourn*, and died soon after.

An anonymous Letter directed to the Lord *Walden* at Mr. *Patche's*, was on the 4th Instant dropt at the Bar of the *Rose* and *Crown* at *Saffron-Walden* in *Essex*, demanding Money, and that his Lordship and his Father, the Earl of *Suffolk*, should turn away some Persons employ'd by them, threatening, that in Case it was not comply'd with, their Lordships Estate should be burnt to Ashes; whereupon his Majesty has been pleased to promise his most gracious Pardon to any one of them, that shall discover his Accomplice or Accomplices who wrote the said Letter, so as he or they may be apprehended and convicted thereof: And the Right Hon. the Earl of *Suffolk* has promised a Reward of 50l. to any Person making such Discovery, to be paid upon the Conviction of the Offender or Offenders.

We hear from *Paris*, that the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount *Dunkeron*, Mr. *Kinnersley*, and Mr. *Stuart*, who were in Irons there on Account of the Murder of an *Italian* at *Tours*, have all three received his Most *Christian* Majesty's Pardon, and are released; great Interest having been made for them, and some favourable Circumstances being represented in their Behalf.

Robbery, &c. On Friday last as one Mr. *de Faw* was riding to *Dover* to embarque for *Calais*, he was stopped on *Baddam Downs* by two Highwaymen well mounted, who robbed him of his Money and Portmantua.——Last Saturday a Serjeant of the second Battalion of the First Regiment of Foot Guards was committed to the *Savoy*, for Mutiny, in throwing down his Halbert and Sash, and refusing his Orders.

Preferments. His Majesty has been pleased to grant unto *Samuel Green*, M. A. the Place and Dignity of a Prebendary of the Cathedral Church of *Worcester*.——His Majesty has been pleased to grant unto *James Bruce*, Esq; the Office of Master and Worker of his Majesty's Mint at *Edinburgh*, in the Part of *Great Britain* called *Scotland*.

Death. On Friday died at his House in *Essex-street* in the *Strand*, *Stephen Boyce*, Esq;

Bankrupts. Charles Duke, of *Lad-Lane*, *London*, Tobacconist.——*Matthew Cooper*, of the Parish of St. *John Zachary*, *Foster-Lane*, Goldsmith.——*Luke Franks*, of *Fakenham* in *Norfolk*, Mercer.——*Stephen Goldsmith*, of *Bristol*, Brewer.

TUESDAY, *December* 28.

Yesterday a Baker's Apprentice in *Westminster* was drowned in the Canal in St. *James's-Park*, by the Ice breaking, and he sinking under.

Last Sunday Morning a poor Man, who had been seen for several Days before begging in the Towns of *Kingston* and *Richmond*, was found dead near the Brick-Kilns between those two Towns, half covered with Snow.

An Allowance of 80l. *per* Month is order'd for the two Envoys of *Algier*, during their Stay in this Kingdom. And Sir *Charles Wager* hath order'd both their Pictures to be painted at his own Expence.

Yesterday Morning a Man, supposed to be about 50 Years of Age, was found dead in a Field near Sir *George Whitmore's*, in the Parish of *Hoxton*: It is thought he died for Want.

The same Day a Man going thro' *King's-street*, *Westminster*, dropt down dead.

Commitment. Yesterday a Man was committed to *Newgate*, charged on Oath, and his own Confession, with forging a Promissory Note for 12l. drawn on Mr. *James Walter*.

Death. On Friday last died Mr. *Joseph Kettle*, an eminent Tobacconist in *Watling-street*.

Shipping. The *Gibraltar* of *Portsmouth*, Capt. *Franklin*, from *Gibraltar* for *Amsterdam*, was lately lost in the Texell.

WEDNESDAY, *December* 29.

A fine new Barge is making for his Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales* at his Majesty's Barge-Builder's, and 12 Bargemen are appointed for his Royal Highness's Service, who are all to be cloath'd in his Royal Highness's Livery with Badges against his Birth Day.

Last Saturday one *James Halsham*, a Husbandman, as he was cutting down a Tree, fell down and fractured his Skull, and died soon after.

Robberies, &c. On Saturday Night some Villains broke open a Cheesemonger's Shop in *Monmouth-street*, carried off a considerable Number of Cheeses, and a great Quantity of Butter, and broke a great many Eggs.——On *Christmas* Day one Mr. *Rogers* was attacked by a Highwayman near *Edmonton*, who robbed him of his Gold Watch, three Guineas, and some Silver.——Yesterday a Man was committed to *Newgate* for cutting off a Woman's Pocket, and taking from her 4s. 6d. and some Half-pence.

Preferments. His Majesty has been pleased to grant unto *Nicolas Hardinge*, Esq; the Office of Under-Clerk of the Parliament, to attend upon the Commons of *Great Britain* in Parliament assembled.——The Rev. Mr. *Mitchell* was lately presented by his Grace the Archbishop of *Canterbury* to the Vicarage of *Foots-Cray* in the County of *Kent*.

Bankrupt. John Battison, late of *Havant*, in the County of *Southampton*, Tanner.

THURSDAY, *December* 30.

On Tuesday Morning Mr. *Newell*, Timber-Merchant in *Thames-street* near *Paul's-Wharf*, in Partnership with Mr. *Higgison*, was found dead in his Bed, tho' well in Health to all Appearance the Evening before.

The Serjeant that threw down his Halbert and Sash, and refused his Orders last Saturday on the Parade in St. *James's-Park*, was last Tuesday try'd by a Court Martial at *Whitehall*, and by them ordered to Private Centinel's Pay and Duty; and Yesterday Morning he was brought to the Parade, when the Battalion was brought in a Circle, and he in the Centre, and before the Officers acquainted with the same.

Yesterday Morning a Fire broke out at Mr. *Lawrence's*, a Sawyer, in the *Maze*, *Southwark*, which intirely destroyed great Part of the Kitchen Furniture; but by the Assistance of the Neighbours, and other Help, it was prevented from doing any further Damage.

On Monday Night Mr. *John Harding*, an eminent Woolstapler in *Barnaby-street*, *Southwark*, went to Bed in perfect Health, and died suddenly the next Morning.

Yesterday a poor Man and Woman dropt down dead within a small Time of one another, near St. *Anne's* Church, *Soho*. They were carried to St. *Anne's* Watch-House; but no Body knew them.

Dublin, Dec. 18. The Hon. *Hyacinthus Nugent*, commonly call'd Lord *Riverston* of the Kingdom of *Ireland*, who was outlaw'd (at seven Years old) in the Year 1694, but by the Clemency of his present Majesty King *George* obtained an Act of Parliament, in the first Year of his Majesty's Reign, to sue for his Estate, has now obtained a Decree to put him in Possession of a very considerable Estate in the Counties of *Westmeath* and *Galway*, which has been possessed by his younger Brother for 17 Years past.

Robbery, &c. On Tuesday Evening the *Gloucester* Stage-Coach was robb'd near *Tyburn* by two Highwaymen, who took from the Passengers to the Value of 300l. and detain'd the Coach near half an Hour.——The same Night the Constables and Watch, with other Assistance belonging to *Shoreditch* Parish, took up several loose and disorderly Persons from *Cock-Lane*, *Holloway-Lane*, and other Avenues adjoining, to the Number of 14, 9 Men and 5 Women, who were all secured, and the next Day carried before Justice *Manly*, who committed several of the most notorious of them to *Bridewell*, to be kept to hard Labour, and others were discharged.

Preferment. The Rev. Mr. *Joseph Strachey*, M. A. was lately presented by the Lord Chancellor to the Vicarage of *North Odrington*, alias *North Ottrington*, in the County and Diocese of *York*.

Marriages. Yesterday *George Bramston* of the *Middle Temple*, Esq; Son of *Thomas Bramston* of the Waterhouse in *Essex*, Esq; was married to Mrs. *Alcock* of *Trotton* in *Essex*, a Lady of 20,000l. Fortune.——On Tuesday last *Jabez Bundy*, Esq; was married to Miss *Penelope Broughton*.

Deaths. Yesterday Morning died, at his House in *Queen-street*, *Westminster*, the Hon. *Stephen Cornwallis*, Esq; Brother to the Right Hon. the Lord *Cornwallis*, and Member of Parliament for *Eye* in *Suffolk*.—On Monday last died, at his House in *Church-street*, *Spittle-fields*, Mr. *Peter Bourdon*, an eminent Weaver.——Last Tuesday Morning died, in the 58th Year of his Age, at *Malden* in *Essex*, Sir *Thomas Seaton*, a *Scotch* Baronet.

FRIDAY, *December* 31.

On Wednesday last Mr. *David Gorres Sera*, and Mr. *Nunes* ran a Race from the *Stones End* in the *Borough*, to *Godliman* in *Surry*, each in a Chaise and a Pair of Horses for 50l. which was won by the former.

Last Night the new born Son of the Right Hon. the Marquis of *Carnarvon* was baptized at the House of his Grace the Duke of *Chandois* in St. *James's-Square*, by his Grace's Chaplain; at which were present a great Number of Persons of Distinction.

On Tuesday in the Evening the Corps of *John Olmius*, Esq; Deputy Governor of the Bank, was interred with great Funeral Solemnity from his House in the *Old Jewry*, at the Church of the said Parish; and, pursuant to his last Will and Testament, it was perform'd by Day-light, and the Funeral Procession on Foot; when the following Gentlemen supported his Pall, being all Directors of the Bank; *viz.* Sir *Edward Bellamy*, Knt. Governor, Sir *Gerard Conyers*, Sir *Joseph Eyles*, *John Hanger*, Esq; *Matthew Raper*, Esq; and *Samuel Holden*, Esq;

'Tis written from *Cadiz* the 18th Inst. N. S. That the Order was come there for delivering the Treasure by the *Almirante*, and the Galleons Merchandize, on the same Terms as the last Flota's, altho' there was not the least Pretence for its exceeding the antient Indulto, and that an additional Charge of 2 ½ *per Cent.* was laid, to defray the Expence of sending two Men of War with Masts, &c. to bring home the *Capitana* from *Puerto Rico*, which brings out the Account to about 18 *per Cent.* in Specie.

Robbery. Last Wednesday Night Mr. *James*, a Brass Turner, was robbed near the End of *Angel-Court*, *Charing-Cross*, by three Street Robbers, who took from him a Watch and about 9s.

Deaths. On Wednesday Morning died the Lady *Katharine Edwin*, who was Sister to the late Duke of *Manchester*, at her House in *Grosvenor street* near *Grosvenor-square*.—The same Day died suddenly Mr. *Hatley*, an eminent Ironmonger, at his House in *Bishopsgate-street*.

Shipping. From *Dunkirk* the 6th of *January*, N. S. they write, that seven fine large *Dutch* Ships had a few Days before been driven on Shore, between that Place and *Calais*, four in the Jurisdiction of *Dunkirk*, and three in that of *Calais*, and that the four were almost in Pieces, and could not be got off; that they had had terrible Storms from the N. W. to the N. E. One of the Ships was a Frigate of 26 Guns, called *Zemedaler*, Capt. *Sterk*, bound from *Flushing* to *Guinea*, another the *Golden Rose*, bound to *Bourdeaux*, another the *Sebrick* Galley, Burthen 300 Tons, Capt. *Volker Jurianson*, for *Malaga*, &c. both from *Amsterdam*: Two of the others were laden with Bale Goods; but no more Names or Particulars are mention'd. The *Constant John*, Capt. *Turner*, bound from *Malaga* to *London*, founder'd at Sea the 26th of *November* last, off of *Cape Finistre*. The Men were taken up by a *French* Ship, and carried into *Nantes*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Lisbon, Decemb. 11. N. S.

WE now have the agreeable News of our Fleet from *Rio* in *Brazil* being safe arriv'd here, in all, two Men of War and fourteen Merchant Ships, after a Passage of 99 Days. They are immensely rich, having in Diamonds register'd about 5,000,000, and an exceeding great Sum in Gold, besides other Merchandize. Guards are posted all along the Coast, to prevent any Diamonds, &c. being run, and they search all as they come ashore.

Vienna, Dec. 19. The Emperor has sent Orders to M. *Tahlman*, Resident at *Constantinople*, to demand an Audience of the Prime *Vizir*, and a positive Answer of his Highness, whether the extraordinary Armaments in that Capital are made with the View of an approaching Rupture with any Part of Christendom. All Commerce are forbidden with the *Turkish* Provinces on the Frontiers, on Account of the Plague, and Troops order'd thither to guard the Passages.

Paris, Jan. 2. Letters from *Seville* of the 14th past advise, that the K. of *Spain* has been ill of a Swelling in his Legs, but at the Departure of the Courier was grown better; and that his Catholick Majesty has nominated the Marquess de *Barbaste* Embassador to the Court of *France*. On the 23d M. le *Bailly* de *Memes*, Embassador of Religion, presented his Majesty with the Birds of Prey from the Grand Master of *Malta*, according to annual Custom. M. *Dornevul*, the King's Gentleman in Ordinary, dy'd suddenly on the 26th past, during Mass, in the Church des *Quinze Vingts*. The Count *Dayen*, eldest Son of the Duke de *Noailles*, has taken the Oath of Fidelity to the King, for the Post of Captain of the first Company of Guards du Corps, lately resign'd by the Duke his Father.

Paris, Jan. 5. The Grand Prior of *France*, who set out hence upon the first Notice of the Serene Infante Don *Carlos* having enter'd the *French* Territories, arrived at *Cannes* on the 17th, just as his Royal Highness was departing thence for *Antibes*, and having made his Compliments on the Part of the King, attended him on his Journey thither, where he presented him with the Sword set with Diamonds, from his most Christian Majesty: His Royal Highness embark'd on the 23d at *Antibes* for *Italy*, on board the *Spanish* Gallies which had been there a Fortnight waiting his Arrival. What retarded his Highness's Journey some Days, was the Floods near *Lue*, which had render'd the Roads almost unpassable: We have the Pleasure to learn, that the Intendants of the Provinces through which his Royal Highness pass'd spar'd no Cost to acquit themselves handsomely of the King's Orders, and behaved with such Elegancy and Decorum, that his Highness express'd himself extremely well satisfy'd with his Reception and Entertainment in their respective Posts. His Royal Highness has named the Son of the Count de S. *Estevan*, his Major-domo, to come and compliment the King in his Name, and return Thanks for the Honours done him in his Passage through *France*. The King will shortly name a Minister to go and compliment the Serene Infante Duke on his Arrival in *Italy*. On Christmas Day a Fire broke out at *Estrees* St. *Denis* near *Compiegne*, which intirely consumed the fine House of M. de St. *Croix*, Captain in the Regiment *d'Auxerrois*, who seeing the Flames communicate themselves to some other Houses, forced the Peasants he had at Work in his own House to go and relieve his Neighbours: By which extraordinary Act of Generosity he saved a whole Village, which as the Wind blew hard, must otherwise have inevitably reduced to Ashes.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The LADIES PREPARATION.

A COMPOSITION so good, we challenge the World to produce the like for the following Virtues. It effectually removes Pimples, Heats and Sunburn: It prevents Scarring, Redness, and even Pitting by the Small-Pox: It cures or hinders the chapping of the Lips: It's a most excellent Preserver of the Skin; for which Reason a Multitude of Ladies use it every time they clean the Neck or Face. It renders the Skin delicate, fair and soft, and is an infallible Remedy for the most inveterate red Face: It gives immediate Ease and cures the Piles, it heals Chafing or Sorenes in Men or Women, occasioned by Riding or Walking, and is particularly good for Chafing in Children: It will will keep good twenty Years. *N. B.* This Preparation is beautiful to the Sight, and grateful to the Scent, there is neither Paint or any Mercurial Ingredient in it, the Whole is harmless and innocent; those who have constantly used it to clean the Skin, as a Preservative only, have maintained a Briskness in their Countenance and a peculiar Handsomness without Wrinkles to old Age. SOLD, with Directions for three Shillings the Preparation, by *Tho. Warner* at the *Black-Boy* in *Paternoster Row*.

SHIPS ARRIVED

When arriv'd at	Lynn.	from
Ships Names	Masters Names	from Whence
4 *Dec.* Catherine	*Nicholas*	Havre
Hull		*from*
25 *Dec.* Friendship	*Sanderson*	Riga
Ann & Jane	*Wilkinson*	Amst.
Amst. Packet	*Haworth*	ditto
Industry	*Collet*	Rotterd.
John & Ann	*Maggot*	ditto
Bristol.		*from*
27 *Dec.* Industry	*Veale*	Denia
29 Betty	*Coupples*	Jamaica
Falmouth.		*from*
28 *Dec.* Wm Mary	*Haynes*	Seville
Mary & Eliz.	*Gitton*	Havre
Hap. Return	*Mitchel*	Penzance
Phillis	*Brooker*	Newport
Two Cousens	*Lonsleup*	Guernsey
Plymouth		*from*
24 *Dec.* Susanna	*Andrews*	Lond.
Prosperous	*Friend*	Havre
Tho. & Eliz.		ditto
Dartmouth		*from*
21 *Dec.* Sarah	*Atkins*	N. Engl.
Two Brothers	*Wills*	Nf.land
Exeter.		*from*
22 *Dec.* Topsham	*Kingman*	Lisbon
Elizabeth		Viana
Margaret	*Evings*	Oporto
Jenny	*Stevens*	ditto
Wm & Elizab.	*Thorn*	ditto
Swift	*Pike*	London
Goodwil	*Walter*	ditto
Loyal Catherine	*Brown*	ditto
Pool		*from*
22 *Dec.* 2 Sarahs	*Lydstone*	Rotterd.
Young Prince	*Ladd*	London
27 John & Ann	*Adamson*	Rotterd
Increase	*Skinner*	ditto
29 Amelia	Margar. *Myers*	Hamburg
Southampton		*from*
22 *Dec.* Freegift	*Gregory*	Malaga
Chatham.		*from*
29 *Dec.* Everton	*Buckes*	Dantzick
Gravesend		*from*
24 *Dec.* Flanders	*Saint*	Ostend
White Pidgeon	*Boysman*	Bremen
Chandois	*Jewers*	Rotterd.
Hanna & Zeppo	*Cramwel*	ditto
26 Dorothy	*Macdonough*	Dantz.
Endeavour	*Dicaie*	Amsterd.

IRELAND.

Dublin		from
5 *Dec.* Christopher	*Sinkenly*	Konnings
Palmtree	*Young*	S. Martin
Young Betty	*Christianson*	Lond
Dorothy & Jane	*Robinson*	Narva
Londonderry	*Fitzpatrick*	Lond.
8 Bacchus	*Hastings*	Konnings
Warren	*Ramsey*	Peelt other
11 Fair Water	*Slater*	Riga
14 Nightingale	*Taylor*	Cadiz
Eagle	*Bloom*	Lisbon
Phebe	*Walker*	d tto
Cork		*from*
10 *Dec.* Ann Mary	*Copythorn*	Lisbon
12 Eleanor	*Williamson*	ditto

FOREIGN PORTS.

New-England.		from
Yeomans	*Webber*	London
Wm & John	*Sumner*	N. Castle
Palermo.		*from*
11 *Nov.* P. Amelia	*Fretham*	
S. Quintin	*Canham*	
Leghorn		*from*
15 *Dec.* Wilthire	*Adams*	Nf.land
Champion	*Franklin*	Lisbon
Genoa.		*from*
16 *Dec.* Francis	*Cornwal*	Yarmouth
Seaflower	*Pinnel*	Lisbon
Lady Susanna	*Martin*	Cadiz
18 Chitty	*Bolam*	Nf.land
Pretty Betsy		ditto
Alicant.		*from*
12 *Dec.* Jacob	*Cromwel*	Ireland
13 Tho. & Mary	*Norman*	Nf.land
17 Triton	*Jones*	Genoa
Malaga.		*from*
18 *Dec* William	*Sherley*	Algier
Pelham	*Nicholson*	Mahon
Joseph	*Olano*	ditto
Cadiz.		*from*
11 *Dec.* Scanymp	*Murphy*	Bilboa
Owners Goodw	*Barker*	Norway
Mahon	*Vaughan*	Algier
12 Mary	*Leatherhead*	Bilboa
Success	*Geraldine*	Dublin
San Lewis	*Brunsel*	Ostend
Providence	*Saunders*	London
16 Britannia	*Kelsey*	ditto
Aylesbury	*Newton*	Palermo
Seville.		*from*
17 *Dec.* Pearl	*Diamond*	London

SAILED

When Sailed for	London	from
Ships Names	Masters Names	from Whence
14 *Dec.* Ann	*Asgil*	Cadiz
18 Mary	*Hemans*	Alicant
Elizabeth	*Wenlock*	Malaga
For Westward Ports		*from*
19 *Dec.* Loue	*Welchman*	Cadiz
For Bristol Channel		*from*
12 *Dec.* Fierce	*Brooks*	Cadiz
Britannia	*Chappal*	ditto
Edm. & Mary	*Quick*	ditto
For Ireland.		*From*
22 *Dec.* Success	*Wadmore*	Southen
Brotherwood	*Denrech*	ditto
11 Mary	*Pearl*	Cadiz
13 Mary	*Norris*	ditto

FOREIGN PORTS.

For Maryland & Virginia		from
25 *Dec.* Sarah	*Reynolds*	Downs
26 Friends Goodw	*Major*	ditto
Forward	*Buckeridge*	ditto
Mecya & Philip	*Bradby*	Dartmou.
For Barbados and Leeward Islands		from
25 *Dec.* Friendship	*Fenton*	Downs
Robert	*Pallser*	ditto
Friends Avent.	*Vawasser*	ditto
26 Rose	*Boyde*	ditto
For Cape de Verds.		from
25 *Dec.* Mary Eliz	*Kenner*	Downs
26 Endeavour	*Gabourel*	ditto
For the Streights		from
18 *Dec.* Heron	*Heron*	Falmouth
21 Dolobella	*Stevens*	Southern
Hallis	*Marret*	Leghorn
11 Cesar	*Burnham*	ditto
Congress	*Clement*	ditto
12 Mary	*Lynch*	Cadiz
14 S. Nicholas	*Cavello*	ditto
15 John & Frances	*Bevoirs*	ditto
12 Champion	*Franklin*	Genoa
14 Prince	*Templer*	ditto
D. Cambridge	*Wilson*	Alicant
For Cadiz		*from*
25 *Dec.* Expedit.	*Tukot*	Downs
8 Dispatch	*Carey*	Cork
14 William	*Philips*	Leghorn
For San Lucar.		*from*
12 *Dec.* Hannah	*Head*	Cadiz
Sarah	*St. Legar*	ditto
Joseph	*Thurman*	ditto
Eliz. & Jane	*Hexton*	ditto
For Western Islands.		*from*
28 *Dec.* Dispatch	*Shadow*	Plymouth
For Lisbon.		*from*
22 *Dec.* Henly	*West*	Southron
Four Brothers	*Guillaume*	ditto
25 Concord	*Miller*	Downs
For Oporto.		*from*
22 *Dec.* Hanover	*Brown*	Exeter
Two Brothers	*Howard*	ditto
Elis. & Sarah	*Hayman*	ditto
Good Samaritan	*Level*	Genoa
For Biscay in Spain.		*from*
17 *Dec.* Eagle	*Tinkin*	Falmouth

Winds at *Deal*, *Dec.* 24. E. N. E. 25. N. W. by N. 26. N. N. W. 27. W. N. W. 28. W. 29. S. W. by W. 30. S. W.

Remain in the *Downs*, the Francis Clack; Diligence, Jenkins, both for *Virginia*; Anthony and Richard Reynolds; Elizabeth and Mary, Waters, both for *Oporto*; Seaflower Cock, for *Bristol*; Dispatch, Burrow, for St. *Christophers*. Also His Majesty's Ships the Crampus and Wolfe.

COLLETT's *Course of Exchange.*

Lond. Course, *Dec.* 31.	Balance		
The Exchange is on	Prices.		
Amsterdam 35 1	*Amsterdam*		
Paris 31 ⅛	55 ½	M.	Coals 24 ½
Leghorn 50 ⅛	87 1/16	M	Grain p. Quart.
Genoa 53 ⅛	93 ⅝	P	Wheat 20 25
Venice 48 ½	85 1/16	P.	Rye 11 14
Cadiz 41 ⅞	101 ¼	P.	Barley 14 17
Madrid 41 ⅞	81	P	Oates 12 16
Lisbon 5 5 ⅛	46 1/16	M	Tares 20 24
Oporto 5 5 ⅛	46 1/16	M	H. Beans 20 24
Hamburgh 34 1	32 1/16	P.	H. Peafe 19 21
Dublin 10 ½	*C. Snell.*		Boil. dit. 29 30

Hops		
1728	*l.* 9 *s.*	11
1729	*l.*	6
1730	*l.* 9	*s.*
1731	*l.* 10	*s.*

N. B. Suppose in the above Balance Price Column, 55 1 eight M. read 55 a small Matter less than 1 eight. Again, Suppose 55 1 eight P. Read 55 a small Matter more than 1 eight.

Compare the above Balance Price Column with the *Amsterdam* Prices that come over by the *Holland* Mail due on Fridays, as inserted in the DAILY-ADVERTISER. Remit from *Amst* to all Places for which the *Amst.* Prices are under the Balance Prices, and Draw on them from *London*. Remit from *London* to all Places that are over, and Draw on them from *Amsterdam*. Whoever Remits and Draws contrary to this Rule, misses that Profit which arises by the Exchange Prices, put upon our own Money, and that of Foreigners; and as whatever is our Loss is their Profit, and whatever is our Profit is their Loss; therefore the Interest of every particular Merchant, as also the Publick in General, are highly concerned in keeping the Exchanges in our Favour.

Christned. M. 158 F. 134 } 292
Died.
Under 2 173
2 to 5 29
5 10 16
10 20 13
20 30 41
30 40 37
40 50 40
50 60 31
60 70 33
70 80 24
80 90 13
upwds of 90 2
Buried.
M 223 F 229 } 452
Increased. 4

Stocks	*Saturday*	*Monday*	*Tuesday*	*Wednesday.*	*Thursday*	*Friday.*
S. Sea	102 ¼ ⅜	102 ¼ ⅜, ½	103 ⅛ ¼	102 ⅜	102 ¼ ½ ½	102 ¼ ½ ½
Annu.	109 ⅞	109 ⅞	109 ¼ ½	109 ¼ ½ ⅜	109 ¼ ½ ⅜	109 ½ ⅜
Bank	149	149	149	148 ¾ ½ 9	148 ¾ ½ 9	149
India	180 ½	81½, ½, ¾ 180 ¼ ½ ¼ ¼ ¼	181 ¾ 80 ¾, 10 ¼	181 ¼ ¼	181	181 ¼
3 p. C.	97 ½	97 ¼	97 ¼	97 ¼	97 ¼	97 ¼
MBan	109 ¼	109 ¼	109 ¼	109 ¼	109 ¼	109
Afric.	44	44	44 45	45	45 46	46
Y. Bu.	13 ¾	13 ¼	13 ½	13 ⅝ ¼	13 ½ 14	14
R Aff.	100	100	100	100	100	100
L. ditt	13	13	13	13	13	13
ECop.	2 *l.* 16 *s.*	2 *l.* 16	2 *l.* 15	2 *l.* 16	2 *l.* 16 *s.*	2 *l.* 16
Wditt	2 *l.* 1 *s.*	2 *l.* 1 *s.*	2 *l.* 1 *s.*	2 *l.* 2 *s.*	2 *l.* 2 *s.*	2 *l.* 1
N. B.Cir	6 *l.* 2 6	6 *l.* 2 *s.* 6 *d*	6 *l.* 2 *s.* 6 *d.*	6 *l.* 2 *s.* 6 *d*	6 *l.* 2 *s.* 6 *d*	6 *l.* 2 6 *d*
IBon.	6 *l.* 18 *s.*	6 *l.* 18 *s.*	6 *l.* 18 *s.*	6 *l.* 17 *s.* 18	6 *l.* 18 *s.*	6 *l.* 18
SSdit	6 *l.* 15 *s.*	6 *l.* 15 *s.*	6 *l.* 15 *s.*	6 *l.* 15 *s.*	6 *l.* 15 *s.*	6 *l.* 15 *s.*
Blanks	7 *l.* 4 *s.*	7 *l.* 4 *s.* 6 *d.*	7 *l.* 4 *s.* 6 *d*	7 *l.* 4 *s.*	7 *l.* 4 *s.*	7 *l.* 4 *s.*

South Sea Stock Transfer Books, shut Wednesday *December* 22; and open Wednesday *January* 26.
Royal Exchange Assurance Transfer Books shut Thursday *December* 16; and open *January* 18.
India Transfer Books shut *Dec.* 16; open *Jan.* 18; and the Dividend will be paid the 27th.

Printed for T. WARNER, at the *Black-Boy* in *Pater-Noster-Row*: At which Place Advertisements, and Letters to the Author, are taken in. Advertisements are likewise taken in at *John's Coffee-House* in *Birchin-Lane*; and at Mrs. *Winbush's* next Door to *Old Man's Coffee-House*, *Charing-Cross*.

[Price Two-Pence.]